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GRISI AND MARIO.

We have been particularly requested to insert the following:—

"It is reported that Grisi and Mario will depart for America immediately after their present engagement at Covent Garden terminates, in order to appear in a series of *concerts* during the Great Exhibition at New York, and prior to their *début* in a new opera house, which is in progress of construction there, and to be inaugurated by them in November next."

If the above be true, the whole of the stipulated sum—£17,000—has been placed in the hands of one of Sig. Mario's European bankers. This is evident—for, if the whole of the stipulated sum—£17,000—has not been placed in the hands of one of Signor Mario's European bankers, the above is not true.

Q. E. D.—Vivat Costa!

CONDUCTOR, MR. COSTA.

DIRECTED FOR 1853-4.

THE general meeting of the aged Philharmonic Society took place on Monday, at the Hanover Square Rooms. There were so many members present—we forget the exact number, not having been present. The ordinary business of general meetings was transacted in an ordinary manner by the ordinary members, who seemed to possess an extraordinary control over all the affairs of the Society.

The only fact of interest out of the Hanover Square doors was that of the election of the new directed. After a stout ballot, the following were appointed:—

ANDERSON—18.

Eighteen is the golden number, and signifies the place of honour, and the post of precedence. Mr. Anderson has always 18 votes. Eighteen members vote annually for Mr. Anderson. We would give their names, only that in ballot they are simply boxed, and it would not be etiquette to unbox them.

GRIESBACH—17.

Mr. Griesbach—composer of oratorios, symphonies, and *diacetti*, which are rarely if never performed at the Philharmonic Concerts,—has returned after a protracted absence to his ancient place in the Philharmonic direction, close to Mr. Anderson, with his old number, 17. Whenever Mr. Griesbach is elected a director, he has 17 votes. If a member at a general meeting gets up to propose Mr. Griesbach, and

Mr. Anderson gets up to second the proposition of the member who proposes Mr. Griesbach, any other member might safely get up and propose, to save time and pains to the meeting, to knock Mr. Griesbach down with 17 white balls, for that will surely be Mr. Griesbach's number. A problem to solve, however, is, why A. should have 18 votes, and B. 17 votes; since the same members vote for A. and B., and it cannot be supposed that either A. or B. puts in a white ball on his own account.

CLINTON—14.

M'MURDIE—14.

M'MURDIE—14.

CLINTON—14.

The number 14, according to Julius Caesar Vanini, was symbolical of rest and tranquillity, and was represented in hieroglyph by an image of one without eyes, ears, or tongue. A member, therefore, knocked down at 14, may take, as his motto, two French words—**RESTER TRANQUILLE**. O Gemini!

SCHULTZ—12.

Mr. Edward Schultz—an excellent pianoforte player, a good musician, and a fashionable teacher—has never before been a director. The number 12, too, is a curious number. It smells well. It smells not of the 18. It is an unprecedented number, although not an odd. We have hope of it.

LUCAS—11. J. CALKIN—11.

Mr. J. Calkin, who plays the tenor, is the son of Mr. J. Calkin, who plays the violoncello (Joseph son of James) which reminds us of the sailors in Captain Marryatt's novel—"Are you," say they to Peter, "are you the son of old Simple?"

Mr. Lucas—who asked a question about a testimonial—was not last year a directed; although for many years he stood in ominous *pose* as 16, to separate the 18—17 from the 14—the absolute from the *Rester tranquille*. Mr. Lucas was in this position—he could say what he pleased, but he could do nothing, being assailed on one side by "No," and on the other by "Silence," which, contrary to traditional custom, did not give consent—to Mr. Lucas. Mr. Lucas now, having been knocked down at 11, has a good chance of distinguishing himself. If he stand to it, and place his 11 in a bold position, he may make it—like the old Sussex 11—which batted, bowled, stopt, stumped, and caught all England—invincible, and serve the other 11—the 18—17, and the 14's—in a similar manner. But if Mr. Lucas, in-

stead of pointing, stand at slip, he will lose his point, and slip the occasion. In which case, he will ask no more questions about a testimonial.

Thus it appears that from the last set of directed, the three which remain are Messrs. Anderson, Clinton, and McMurdie; while the four which go out are Messrs. Benedict, Sainton, J. B. Chatterton, and Sterndale Bennett. The four ousted are replaced by Messrs. Griesbach, Schultz, Lucas, and J. Calkin; whereby the problem of squaring the circle has been figuratively solved. Mr. Bennett had eight votes—eight refractory votes—but what were they to 11—11, 14—14, 17—18?

We shall have a merry season next year, but none of the overtures or concertos of Sterndale Bennett. Mr. Alfred Mellon and the Orchestral Union will share the monopoly of these with Doctor Wylde and the New Philharmonic. *Vivat Regina!*

MR. JOHN CARRODUS.

WE have had occasion more than once to mention favourably the name of a young English violinist, Mr. John Carrodus, who for several years has been studying both composition and the violin, under that excellent master, Mr. Molique.

When last in London, Dr. Spohr attended a *soirée* given in his honour by the Musical Institute, at their rooms in Sackville Street, and on that occasion Carrodus played with Mr. Molique one of Dr. Spohr's violin duets.

The composer expressed to Mr. Molique a very high opinion of his pupil's talent, and predicted that he would rise to eminence in his profession.

We learn that Mr. Carrodus lately had an opportunity of again playing before Dr. Spohr, whose approbation was this time expressed not only verbally, but in writing also. The subjoined translation, (for the accuracy and authenticity of which we can vouch,) may be interesting to many of our subscribers; and it is honourable to the illustrious veteran, as showing the kindly feeling with which he encourages rising talent:—

"I can certify that Mr. John Carrodus plays my seventh Violin Concerto most perfectly; and I am convinced that his performance of it in public would quite make a sensation.

(Signed) "DR. LOUIS SPOHR."

"London, 13th July, 1853."

MR. CLEMENT WHITE.

THE approaching departure of this well known tenor and excellent dramatic singer for Sydney, in Australia, has already been announced.

Mr. Clement White has taken his place in the *Anglesea*, one of the finest ships in the service, belonging to the great and well-known firm of Messrs. Green, of Blackwall. It is his intention to give lectures, interspersed with vocal illus-

trations. The subjects, as we have before stated, will be Moore, Burns, Dibdin, and the living vocal composers of England. No one is better suited than Mr. Clement White to do justice to the ballad poetry of this country, connected with its national melodies. An entertainment of the nature which he projects is likely to create a sensation in Australia, where a vocalist of any kind is a *rara avis*.

Mr. White will start on the 25th of August.

SIMS REEVES' BENEFIT.

The crowd at Drury-lane on Wednesday night was immense. We have seen no such crowd at this theatre since God knows when. It was a tremendous crowd—a very great crowd—a mixed crowd—the popular predominating, but the aristocratic showing in no despicable minority. It was a crowd at all points. The galleries were somewhat discontented throughout the performances, and on sundry occasions appealed to the police for relief and protection. It was an angry crowd, but mainly satisfied. Every box was occupied, and extra rows of the pit converted into stalls. Also chairs were in requisition. Frank Mori sat on one. We spied him over the way, glowing with delight at Auber and Sims—

Everybody was at Drury-lane on Wednesday night—the difficulty is, to say who was not there. Despite the fire-new attraction of *Sardanapalus* at the Adelphi, all the old faces came to peep at Sims. We missed no old faces. There they were, all—

Wednesday night at Drury-lane was a perfect demonstration—as perfect as when Daniel O'Connell attended the Corn, or Anti-Corn (we don't know which) League some years ago—that was at Covent Garden. But the occasion entirely warranted the feeling and the display. Sims Reeves—the tenor-darling of the English public—too seldom seen and heard on the stage—alas, for the lack of an English Opera!—had announced his annual benefit, and was to perform in *Fra Diavolo* and *The Waterman*. Here was expectation leading up to a treat of the highest order. One of the most popular of the French comic operas—endeared to us by recollections of Braham, Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, and of Sims himself—was the leading piece—the popular comic farce of Dibdin was to have the support of Sims in the principal part. Withal, a fine band was chosen and a sound chorus, and the principals in both opera and farce were as good as could be had. There was Mrs. Sims Reeves, who achieved so many triumphs on the very boards of ancient Drury—Mr. Weiss, with his fine voice and great earnestness—to say nothing of Miss Julia Harland, Mr. S. Jones, Mr. J. Smith, Mr. Manvers, and Mr. H. Corri, all of whom stood upright in the opera.

Shall we not add to these attractions the performance on the flute of Herr Reichert, whom Jullien discovered with a quick ear on the continent, and takes with him to America to astonish the Yankees.

Very well then. *Fra Diavolo* is one of the most charming productions of the *Opera Comique*—one of Auber's most

finished and exquisite works. Written as to the principal part for an exceptional voice—how did Cholet, the original representative of Fra Diavolo, sing the music?—it has been of late years almost banished from the French stage, and has only found a status in England, where we have been fortunate enough to find suitable tenors. Braham made a great thing of the performance of the hero in many respects, but it did not exactly hit the mighty tenor. Wilson was happy in certain points, and Joseph Wood was not amiss, on the whole. The score is written almost recklessly for the first tenor. The grand scena in the third act is about the most arduous and tiring *morceau* with which we are acquainted, even—we were going to add—in French Grand Opera. It demands great compass of voice—great power—much variety of style—a good mezzo voice—a good falsetto, to imitate the female voice—facility—management of the shake—and strong sustaining power. Here are requisites almost impossible to discover under a quintet of tenors, and whoso would play Fra Diavolo to perfection, must possess all these requisites.

When Sims Reeves appeared three years ago, for the first time in Fra Diavolo, at Drury-lane, although highly pleased with the performance, we were not entirely gratified. He improved nightly, certainly, but at the end he left something to be desired. On Wednesday last, on the contrary, we were thoroughly satisfied with Sims Reeves in Fra Diavolo; nor can we recall to mind having witnessed a more complete representation on the lyric stage for years. Sims Reeves was not only in fine force, as to his voice, and sang magnificently, but his acting throughout was extremely natural, easy, and finished, every phase of the character being given with exceeding truth and reality. Such a Fra Diavolo, beyond all doubt, our stage never possessed before, and such a Fra Diavolo—the opera properly put upon the stage—would make the fortune of a season. What a disgrace to the country—to its enterprise, its musical character, its artistic feeling—that having such a singer as Sims Reeves, and plenty of native talent to support him, we should have no national opera, and are likely— notwithstanding all reports—to have none. We shall have more to say on this head presently. That Sims Reeves has studied the part of Fra Diavolo deeply, and has gained a thorough mastery over it is not to be mistaken. In the last scene he has even read Scribe himself a lesson in dramatic propriety, and for the first time, we have seen *Fra Diavolo* finished consistently and satisfactorily. The opera, as it stands, ends with Fra Diavolo's capture, and his being carried up the mountains by the soldiers—a tame conclusion, and not quite agreeable to expectation. Sims Reeves alters this. While ascending the mountain, Fra Diavolo suddenly breaks from the guard, jumps down a precipice, and while attempting to escape, is fired at and shot. He re-enters the stage wounded, and making a last effort to seize on the robber whom he fancies has betrayed him, he falls dead. Good, Sims Reeves! excellent good. You are a poet as well a musician! Let all future Fras Diavolo—or Fra Diavolos, put the plural where you like—do like unto

Sims Reeves. Sims will take out no patent for his new invention.

The grand vocal displays were the ballad, "Young Agnes," and the scena, "Proudly and wide my standard flies." The first created a *furor*, and was most exquisitely given; it could not be surpassed. The last verse was repeated. The scena was a powerful exhibition of vocalisation, and realised all the requirements we have named above. The acting as well as the singing was admirable. In short, we may set down Sims Reeves' Fra Diavolo among his greatest triumphs.

Mrs. Sims Reeves made a most charming Zerlina. Her acting was full of life and purpose, and her singing instinct with feeling, and betrayed the musician throughout. But the music of Zerlina was written for a low soprano, and Mrs. Sims Reeves' voice being a high soprano, the fair artiste was thereby incapacitated, on some occasions, from doing the fullest justice to the score. Mrs. Sims Reeves is too conscientious an artist to meddle with her author; but we cannot see how Auber could have suffered by the transposition of "Oh! hour of joy!" and "'Tis to-morrow," both of which were evidently too low for the singer. Nevertheless, we were more than well pleased with Mrs. Sims Reeves' Zerlina.

Mr. Weiss would have made a better Lord Allcash had he attempted less. His fine voice told with powerful effect in the concerted music, but he wanted lightness in the duos and trio, and he has much to learn in the *parlante* singing of the French comic opera.

Miss Julia Harland, who played Lady Allcash, we could hardly hear, and of course can tender no opinion, pro or con, about her. We should like to hear her.

The landlord, Matteo, was undertaken by Mr. S. Jones of Drury Lane reminiscences; and the two robbers were filled by Messrs. H. Corri and F. Smith, who gagged too much to please the judicious.

Mr. Manvers was the Lorenzo, and omitted his first song.

The chorus was good, and the band admirable—and the conductor, Mr. Benedict.

At the end Sims Reeves was vociferously called for, and after too long a delay, came on leading Mrs. Sims Reeves and Mr. Weiss. Sims was again called for, but did not come on.

In the *Waterman*, Sims Reeves was encored in all his songs, the thirsty audience never thinking they had had enough. The "Jolly young Waterman" was inimitably sung and acted; the "Farewell my trim-built wherry" was a most exquisite and touching performance; and the "Bay of Biscay" was as stunning, as graphic, and exciting as ever.

It was a glorious night for Sims Reeves, and the receipts were enormous. May the shadow of our great tenor never grow less; and when next he plays Fra Diavolo and Tom Tug—may we be there to hear and see him.

We forgot to mention that Sims Reeves' annual benefit took place on Wednesday night at Drury Lane.

MR. BRINLEY RICHARDS'S CONCERTS.

Mr. Brinley Richards gave his third and last performance, for the season, of classical and modern pianoforte music, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday. The present was an evening, as the two first were morning performances. Mr. Richards played Beethoven's Grand Sonata, in A flat (op. 26); Mozart's Sonata in A major, for pianoforte and violin, with Herr Molique; and his own compositions, an *Andante Pastorale*, in E major—first time of performance; a Scherzo, called "*Le Souvenir*," and the *Galop de Concert*, "*La Reine Blanche*." In each and all of these Mr. Brinley Richards was eminently successful, and was rapturously encored in his *Galop de Concert*, one of his most popular compositions. The *Andante Pastorale* also produced a decided effect. It is a piece of sterling merit, and is sure to become popular. Mr. Richards joined Herr Molique in Bach's "*Bourrée et Double*." Also he played, by particular request, his grand variations to "*Rule Britannia*," and an *Andante Sostenuto*, called "*La Contemplation*." A call to repeat both followed, but Mr. Brinley Richards, over fatigued doubtless, merely came back to bow his acknowledgments. Nathless, he had to return again and bow his acknowledgments. The variations to "*Rule Britannia*" are dedicated to Miss Arabella Goddard, whose impetuous fingers would no doubt realise the ultrest conceptions of the composer. The variations, however, are not so difficult, as to confine their practicability to the brilliant fingers of the most brilliant of all our pianists; although Arabella Goddard, of all our pianists, would render them in the most perfect manner—no offence to the composer, who enrols himself among the most ardent admirers of the youthful and irresistible pianist, whom Spohr lately—when he heard her play in his trio, in F, No. 2—pronounced to be one of the musical phenomena of the day.

The vocal section of the music was entrusted to Miss Messent, Miss Alleyne, Miss Lascelles, Madame and Herr Brandt, Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, and Signor Gardoni—all good and true artists, who acquitted themselves thoroughly and with implicit satisfaction. A very charming trio of Mr. Brinley Richards's, "*Up, quit thy bower*," charmingly sung by Mr. and Mrs. Weiss and Herr Brandt, was warmly encored.

Messrs. Benedict and Aguilar conducted.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The first representation of *Don Giovanni* to which we merely alluded in our last, took place on Thursday night week, and, as usual, drew a crowded house. The cast embraced several important novelties. Madame Medori was Donna Anna, Madame Bosio Elvira, and Signor Belletti Don Giovanni. From the admirable manner in which Madame Bosio sang the air, "*Mi tradi quell' alma ingrata*," one of the most difficult ever composed, a new Elvira as good as Corbari, if not better, might have been anticipated. But, unfortunately, Madame Bosio was anything but perfect in the music. She had not mastered the recitatives; and in the trio, "*L'ultima prova*," where the cast-off mistress of Don Giovanni makes her last appeal to the abandoned seducer, she was almost at a standstill. As, however, we have been informed that Madame Bosio had only a very short time to study the part, it would not be fair to pronounce a decided judgment upon her performance. Considering the peculiar gifts and qualities of the lady, her impersonation of Donna Elvira ought to have been first rate; and it is more than probable that, when she has

become familiar with the music, it will be so—at least, in all that regards the vocal department. With the exception of Grisi's, the Donna Anna of Madame Medori is unquestionably the best that has been seen for many years on the London boards. There were certain liberties taken, in the trio of the masks—"*Protegga il giusto cielo*" (*finale*, act 1)—which, being in violation of good taste, could not fail to be condemned by musical judges; but Madame Medori will doubtless (notwithstanding the *encore* on Tuesday night) refrain from these on a future occasion. Her general performance was so good that there was no evident reason why it should not have been irreproachable. The fine dramatic recitative, in which Donna Anna recounts to Ottavio the infamous attempt of Don Giovanni, was given with great power; and the air that ensues—"*Or sai che l'indegno*"—was magnificently sung, and well deserved the applause and unanimous recall which followed. The air generally known as "*Non mi dir*"—which separates the scene of the cemetery from the last scene of the opera, and obviates the necessity of the descent of the curtain—was restored by Madame Medori, who gave the recitative and first movement to perfection, but in a great degree spoilt the *allegro* by executing the *bravura* passages *staccato*. Though always sung in Germany, this air is generally omitted in England, and not altogether without reason, since the situation which introduces it is unmeaning and ineffective. The music, however, is beautiful enough to redeem a still greater platitude; and Donna Anna will always be welcome, with or without Don Ottavio—who talks as much, and does as little, as Hamlet himself—providing she makes amends for her unexpected presence by such a heavenly strain of melody. On the whole, Madame Medori, by her performance on Thursday night week, more than justified the highly favourable impression produced by her Maria di Rohan.

It is to be feared that, unless some new genius springs up, we have, at least for a time, beheld "the last of the Dons." The loss of Tamburini is most severely felt when *Don Giovanni* is put up. The great, and, in his way, inimitable, Ronconi attempted the character last season; and on that occasion made the only failure that has been known to signalize his artistic career. Signor Belletti, who essayed the part on Thursday night, is no more like Don Giovanni than the other. If this clever, industrious, and excellent singer has nothing else in common with one who is, perhaps, the greatest artist on the Italian stage, he has this—that he cannot play Don Giovanni. Signor Belletti sings the music well—which is not surprising, since he sings everything well that is entrusted to him—but the spirit of the music is not there, any more than the spirit of the brilliant profligate who, by his exquisite *bonhomie* and unparalleled effrontery, deceives the audience as he tricks his dupes, and, for the nonce, makes both his willing proselytes. Don Giovanni can only be impersonated by an actor—a great actor, indeed—and the warmest partisans of Signor Belletti, among whom we are not ashamed to rank, can hardly claim for him that distinction. To cut the matter short, however, Signor Belletti sang the music of Mozart with the ease and correctness that never fail him, and acted the part of Don Giovanni like a walking gentleman, not more tragic in the serious passages than humorous in the comic.

Madame Castellan's Zerlina needs no description. It is enough to record that she sang "*Batti batti*" and "*Vedrai carino*" as charmingly as ever—that she was encored in both, and only responded to the first demand for a repetition. The great features in the representation were the Ottavio of

Tamberlik, the Leporello of *Formes*, and the Commendatore of *Tagliafico*. The "Il mio tesoro" was a specimen of singing to which the term faultless can only with justice be applied. It was encored with acclamations; and, after the repetition, Signor Tamberlik was again summoned to appear. The rest of his performance was distinguished by invariable care and earnestness of purpose. The Leporello of Herr *Formes* is the only true Leporello that has been seen upon the Italian stage. He does not attempt to raise laughter, through the medium of amusing buffoonery, in the last scene—at once the most terrible and the most transcendent in dramatic music—but he represents what Mozart intended to be represented. Like Sancho, at the death of Don Quixote, Leporello, when his master is inevitably in the power of the fiend, thinks only of himself. The old spell is no longer irresistible. The slave stands trembling and unnerved in the presence of that supernatural influence, and the instant that Don Giovanni, in reply to the words of the statue—"Dammi la mano in pegno"—gives his hand, Leporello, having no longer a control over himself, abandons his old companion to his fate. The whole of this scene was superbly acted by Herr *Formes*; and his sudden exit was in the highest degree dramatic and effective. With regard to the music, it is enough to say that the famous air, "Madamina," in which Leporello relates to the unhappy Elvira the history of his master's loves and infidelities, could hardly have been sung with better point and appreciation. Signor *Tagliafico* is, probably, the best Commendatore that has been heard since *Don Giovanni* has been familiar to England. His singing in the last scene, as the statue, was perfect. The little part of Masetto seldom finds so efficient a representative as Signor *Polonini*, who would do well another time to restore the air, which, though never sung, is quite worth singing.

The general execution was not what we have a right to expect at the Royal Italian Opera, when the greatest of all *chef d'œuvres* is in question. The representation throughout was of a nature which indicated that there had been no rehearsal, or, at the best, an inefficient rehearsal. Year after year the performances of *Don Giovanni* become more negligent and unsatisfactory. This is unwise on the part of those most interested in the matter. An opera which has been a mine of wealth to half the theatres in Europe for more than half a century, which to this day has lost none of its freshness and absorbing interest, and which has never yet failed to attract the public, is surely worth the time and pains so often bestowed in vain on works that appear for a season and are immediately forgotten.

Donizetti's serious opera, *La Favorita*—his earliest and most successful contribution to what, in his day, was called the Académie Royale de Musique et de Danse—was given, for the first time this year, on Saturday night, before one of the most crowded audiences of the season. There was a new feature in the cast—the character of the King of Castile being assumed by Signor *Belletti*. Here this clever and painstaking artist was in his element. Alfonso XI. has never been regarded as an acting part, either on the French or Italian stage. All that is expected of its representative is to sing an *aria* and a *romanza* effectively, to be well at home in the concerted music, to be appropriately dressed, and to look kingly and important. No great actor having ever undertaken the character, no great histrionic points are connected with it by tradition. The musical talent and vocal flexibility of Signor *Belletti* were therefore in good request, and his performance

throughout was artistic and satisfactory. The *cavatina*, "Si tutti i cortigiani," with its somewhat commonplace last movement—in which the King, in soliloquy, declares his passion for Leonora—was sung with ease and spirit; and the familiar *romanza*, "A tanto amor"—when his cunning Majesty makes a merit of resigning the hand of his unfortunate mistress to the keeping of his most valiant warrior (Ferdinando), who knows not the degradation to which he is subjected—was sung with feeling and expression. In the concerted music the value of Signor *Belletti* was made evident wherever he had anything to do. He was perfect to a note.

It is probable that the acting and singing of *Grisi* and *Mario* have been chiefly instrumental in retaining *La Favorita*—so dull, for the most part, in spite of its magnificence—among the available pieces in the repertoire of the Royal Italian Opera. The last scene between these popular and accomplished artists would make the opera worth seeing, independently of any other attraction. The *Leonora* of *Grisi* is an exquisite impersonation. All that is erring in the character of the King's favourite is softened down with such art that the audience not only accords her its sympathy, but pardons her with as much sincerity as Ferdinando himself when the final meeting takes place between the unhappy lovers in the cloisters of St. Jacopo. If the behaviour of Alfonso XI. can only be looked upon with abhorrence, that of his mistress can hardly be considered with anything less than contempt, since, although repentant, she still participates with the king in the act of duping and abasing a gentleman and a soldier,—a man of courage and character, who loves her honourably, and believes her worthy his attachment. The veil of gentle patience, long suffering, and devotion for Ferdinando, almost amounting to worship, which *Grisi*, with admirable judgment, throws over the whole, nevertheless endows *Leonora* with an irresistible charm, and shows her rather as a victim of the sins of others than a grave offender in her own person. The conception is delicate and the execution masterly. *Grisi* has not sung better during the present season than on Saturday night. The *cavatina*, "Compresi io ben!" in which, overwhelmed with the consciousness of her guilt, *Leonora* resolves to disclose the truth to Ferdinando, was given with great passion; and the *cabaletta*, "Crudi, andiamo," executed with the utmost brilliancy, was encored.

Of *Mario*'s Ferdinando it is scarcely possible to speak too highly. So well known a performance, however, it is unnecessary to dwell upon, further than to record that it displayed all those excellencies for which it has been famous, even in a stronger light than usual. The graceful *romanza*, "Ah si, un angelo," was sung with perfect taste and sweetness. The scene in which Ferdinando is exposed to the jeers of the courtiers, who taunt him with his disgrace in having become the husband of the King's cast-off mistress, and that which immediately follows where Ferdinando, spurning the unmerited indignity, tears from his neck the order with which the King has invested him, breaks his sword in two, and throws the fragments at the feet of the astonished and exasperated monarch, were acted with equal force and discrimination. The celebrated passage, "Che l'infamia pagava," instead of being declaimed in the ranting style of the French tenors, was delivered by *Mario* with a combination of offended pride and manly resolution, devoid of violence and furious gesticulation, which produced a far more legitimate impression, and, as a dramatic effect, was decidedly more natural.

But, whatever the claims to attention possessed by the

first three acts of *La Favorita*—with their lengthy and elaborate *finales*, their *ballet*, their show, and their ceremony, the real attraction of the opera is concentrated in the fourth and last—in default of which, indeed, the rest would be tedious, almost without redemption. And it is precisely here that the talents of Grisi and Mario are displayed to the highest advantage. The whole scene is impressive and touching. A more picturesque *tableau* was seldom seen upon the stage than the roofless interior of the monastery of St. Jacopo—due to the united pencils of Messrs. Grieve and Telbin. The paraphernalia of the monks, their devotions and their penance—some praying at the cross, others preparing their own graves—throw a peculiarly solemn atmosphere over the scene, which heightens the interest attached to the “star-crossed lovers,” here meeting unexpectedly in their last home, and deepens the gloom of the catastrophe. The acting of Grisi and Mario was never more beautiful and romantic. Mario sang the *romanza*, “Angiol d’amore”—the most genuine and expressive piece of melody in the opera—with surpassing tenderness, and was enthusiastically encored. In the repetition his sentiment was still more passionate, and he invested the song with new and greater beauties. The soliloquy of Leonora, while Ferdinando, within the church, is taking the vows, was rendered a fine medium of expression by Grisi, whose exclamation, “Qual voce? e lui,” constituted one of those sudden points of dramatic inspiration which are so peculiarly her own. The mutual recognition of the lovers; the well-known duet, “Vien, tutto oblio per te,” in which, the past forgotten, Ferdinando gives himself up wholly to the influence of his passion for Leonora—the death of Leonora, and the despair of her lover—were one and all worthy of admiration; and the curtain fell amid unanimous plaudits. Grisi and Mario, being summoned to reappear, came forward, accompanied by Tagliafico, whose performance throughout, as Baldassare, the chief monk, was careful, effective, and correct. We must not omit to mention that the part of Inez (Leonora’s confidant) was very nicely played by Mademoiselle Bellini; and that a new dancer of more than ordinary talent—Mademoiselle Yella—obtained a great deal of well-merited applause in the *divertissement* of the second act, in which Mademoiselle Plunkett, although announced, did not appear.

The next novelty will be *Jessonda*. Dr. Spohr will not, as expected, remain to conduct the performances, while Signor Mario has, for reasons that demand explanation, resigned the principal tenor part, which the management has, in consequence, allotted to Signor Luchesi.

REUNION DES ARTS.

THE last of these agreeable soirées we have already noticed; we have reviewed their past season and their hopes of future progress, have bestowed praise where it seemed due, and administered a lecture after the most approved fashion of critics, who are generally obliged to temper commendation by some little rebuke. We have, however, only as yet dealt with the “last,” we have now to notice the “positively last evening.” The nature of this extra evening on the 15th bears out our previous remarks on the advantages of this institution, and forms an example of no ordinary interest. It was at once a tribute to the genius of a world-famous musician, and a precious opportunity to those who have long known his name and admired his talents, to meet the man himself. The presence of Dr. Spohr imparted more lustre, and af-

forded greater gratification to the company there assembled, than could have been afforded by any amount of rank or station, however exalted. In the commonwealth of genius, extraordinary gifts and high cultivation are the emblems of sovereignty. The works of a great composer enjoy a reign more enduring than the life of any monarch, and a wider empire than any king’s dominions.

No ordinary audience was there to pay homage to the illustrious Spohr. All that is most distinguished in the arts, literature and literary criticism, was fully and ably represented; and from such an assembly the enthusiastic reception given, with the warmth of a public demonstration, but with the social freedom of a nearer and more friendly circle, was a compliment that did credit to him who received and those who gave it. Verging on the “three score and ten,” the space allotted to human life, he reminds us that we have but a precarious tenure of his powers; while the erect and massive form, the clear and commanding brow, still spoke of powers undescribed, and noble thoughts yet awaiting to be poured forth for future listeners. Time has indeed laid his hand lightly on one who has toiled so much; and in the first quintet its author took a part, and delighted all by the firm and pure mastery of the violin he adds to his higher accomplishments. The nature of his music has doubtless tended to preserve this freshness. The musician rather of the intellect than of the heart, he has preferred calmer and more thoughtful strains, sounding the most solemn depths of the heart, to the agitated and impassioned inspirations that awaken more vivid emotions. The former style strengthens with maturity; the latter exhausts, and is sure to grow feeble as age dulls the romantic sentiments of youth. The intellect outlives the feelings.

The programme—for it was a *soirée musicale*—was framed at a marked and graceful compliment; and the name of Spohr would have appeared as composer of every piece in it, but for the admission of a song by Beethoven and another by Mozart—a union of names, than which no higher compliment could be paid. Mdle. Claus and Miss Goddard played as accompaniment to his “Carnival,” sung by Mdle. Bury—no common combination of talent. Miss Dolby was warmly and deservedly encored in Beethoven’s song, “In questa tomba,” and Miss Fitzwilliam narrowly escaped the same honour in Mozart’s “Addio.” An unexpected scene good-naturedly improvised by Mr. Albert Smith—though not falling under the description of “classical”—seemed to amuse Dr. Spohr excessively, and made the audience separate with as much mirth and good-humour, as they did with a deeper satisfaction.

ON INTERPOLATIONS.

THE WORKS OF HANDEL.

(From the New York Musical World.)

DURING several years of active critical service, we have strenuously advocated the principle which now seems to be adopted, viz.—the performance of works *entire*; a plan which, though it may admit some compositions of inferior merit to the average quality of selections, alone portrays the complete design of the master, sets the picture with all its lights and shades before us, and discovers its total power or weakness. The liberties taken with great compositions from time to time, would make an amusing chapter in the history of human pretension and vanity; and though, by cutting an Oratorio into shreds and patches, we do not destroy the original, as we should by the excision of our favorite effects from a Raphael, or a Rubens, or a Titian; yet we inflict injustice of a similar nature on the memory of the composer,

when we cause him to be misjudged by being partially judged. Handel is fortunately a man of that mould which best survives the effect of petty unfavorable accidents. He has sustained the worst of these, and yet so established himself in the public heart, that we shall see his genius assume from year to year an increasing magnificence of character; and, becoming more and more acquainted with what he has done, with veneration and gratitude leave the true apotheosis of his sublime spirit to be celebrated by after ages.

It would astonish those who have not much concerned themselves in observing the music submitted to public performance, in how very small and limited a circle our pleasures of this kind revolve. In an early stage of amateurism, we like to hear only that which we have tested and know to be good; as we advance—though we acquire a distaste for excessive repetition—we still shrink from the fatigue of encountering perpetual novelty. So that between the experienced and instructed listener, and the newly-fledged amateur, there are, to the last, strong points of mutual sympathy, which should engage both in mutual concessions for the advancement of music. We have now, we trust, arrived at this point.

One, and indeed the principal, reason why there remain so many untried and unheard things of Handel is the want of parts, by which the uninitiated reader is to understand copies for the individual members of the band and chorus. The possession of these by sundry members of the musical profession, and the power to let them out on hire on particular occasions, has hitherto been a very valuable source of income. Strange that a common-place, or, perhaps, a ridiculous person, should be enabled to levy a tribute on the genius of a master, far greater in amount than any the author ever received for his own work! But this kind of property is now so well understood, and so widely shared, as no longer to provoke the lust of gain. Societies make their own stores, and encourage active and intelligent librarians of their own.

Next to the representation of the entire work of a master, the spirit of the age exhibits a stringent necessity for the purest and most authentic versions of his composition. Amateurs exhibit a strange laxity on this head, and have admitted into their scores the most ridiculous intrusive notes. These *additional orchestral accompaniments* have arisen out of that fatal love of hearing themselves, which is the destruction of a grand whole. If an amateur flute-player, for instance, wanted a part, he would, without remorse, get one made for him, or make one for himself; not once stopping to fancy the indignation of Handel. We recollect that the "Judas Maccabeus" has been particularly ill-treated in this way, and to have felt the liveliest resentment at the impertinent vanity which could introduce into the impressive dramatic chorus *Fall'n is the foe*, a succession of trivial flute passages. These passages, because they happen to form the subject, might seem peculiarly appropriate to the absurd pedant who made them; but they draw off the unity of the attention, divide the concentrated power of the author, and so injure, if not destroy, his original design.

We are aware that M. Moser, of Berlin, has made some alteration in the scores of Handel used in Germany; but this duty has been chiefly confined to the *remplissage* of the harmony—the mere supporting and thickening of it by the aid of instruments unknown in Handel's time, and not by venturing to add original features. Even this labour, however, is to be admitted with great caution.

Let it be conceived then, with what horror a refined and educated musician finds all sorts of incompetent people, re-instrumenting a master-work.

We are enabled to give an instance of this from personal observation. At a performance of *Don Giovanni* by a private musical society, some notes of trombones *not* in the score assailed the ear of the conductor. Inquiring into the circumstances of this eruption of big trumpets, we received the very *naïve* answer,—"Oh, they made the parts themselves!" Now, it is as well known that Mozart had a very pretty notion of the powers of the tromboni, and has used those instruments for the grave colouring of all the more solemn and awful scenes of *Don Giovanni*, here was a complete example of the wilful and ignorant frustration of

his purpose. For nothing is more injurious to effect than monotony of tone; and it was a principal of Mozart's composition, to reserve great means for great occasions. Had he wanted trombones, he might himself have used them; an inference, however obvious and simple, still not to be opposed to the love of making a noise.

Such are some of those violations of the sanctity of the composer, which afford the musician, when not immediately exposed to their annoyance, a hearty laugh in his chair after dinner. We must except from this general censure the additional parts for brass instruments, which have been put to Handel's choruses by some English musician—we believe a Mr. Kearns. These indicate no coarse and vulgar hand; they are the mere notes of the composer heard through another and more powerful medium; and it is impossible to conceive, from the judgment and delicacy with which they are introduced, but that Handel himself would be in the highest degree delighted with them. The effect of brass instruments arises wholly from the *sparing* employment of them. When we hear in the chorus, *For unto us a child is born*, the trumpet and trombones become prominent for the first time in the conclusion of the last symphony, the penetrating tones of these instruments create a new interest, and form a climax so charming that rarely the work escapes an encore. So also in one of the most powerfully affecting choruses that Handel ever penned, *Lift up your heads*, what majesty marks the entrance of the bass trombones at the point, *He is the King of glory!* The whole presents an elevation of human feeling so sublime, as to make the blood thrill and to draw tears. We worship the spirit that can wing itself up to the Deity in this form; and feel, in the excess of our sensations, that we must possess the benevolence of some higher than human power. These devotional sentiments are not produced by mere noise—not by the acclaim of hundreds—but by that admirable regulation of effects, in which lies the whole mystery of music. Our ears are so constituted, as speedily to adapt themselves to any degree of sound; and the loudest thunder of the organ, or the gentlest notes of the flute, become alike in their operation upon us, if we are rendered as familiar with the one as the other. Impressions of greatness in music are produced at a blow; and though power, open or concealed, has to do with them, it must be always power well applied. Thus the true master knows how to electrify his hearers by one note; and who that remembers the opening of the last chorus in *Israel in Egypt*, can have forgotten the effect of the triumphant multitudinous *unison*, *I will sing unto God*. Again, the subdued effect of choruses sung in harmony, but entirely in an under tone—as *He sent a thick darkness*,—presents another form of majestic power, in which the poet's noble personification of might "slumbering on his own right arm," is brought vividly before us.

The truth, that great effects are only realized to their full extent, when met with in that relative position to the principle lights and shadows of his picture which the author originally designed, is the strongest argument we know in favour of the production of entire works. It should also restrain the rash hands of those unthinking people, who, without knowing anything of the philosophy of the system of effect which guides the pen of a master in the formation of a score, have yet the hardihood to make additions. Critics in painting and poetry would soon discover and hold up to public indignation the author of any liberties with a great original; but in music (that is, in the copies used for performance), it is astonishing how many drivelling absurdities, perpetrated by the Lord knows who, have been allowed to sneak into public, affixed to master-works. But it is time to reduce these pretensions to their true standard. It ought to be the part of all genuine musical critics to make themselves well acquainted with the original scores of the works they hear, and to signalize any violation of their integrity and purity, except due cause be apparent. By these means they will become the guardians of that fame which a great master commits to the love and the discernment of posterity.

Foreign.

SAN FRANCISCO, MAY 24th, 1853.—(From the Correspondent of a New York paper.)—How is it Mr. Editor, that you never have a word to say about "California Musical Affairs?" I

look in vain in every number of your work for some account of our Pacific fashionable world. Do engage some one to keep your *poor* Atlantic readers acquainted with our *rich* doings. At this time San Francisco has no less than three theatres in operation, not including the performance of the German Company at "Amory" Hall, and the French Company at the "Adelphi" on Sunday evenings. In addition to these, are two brick buildings commenced, for English and French theatres. At the San Francisco theatre Mrs. Sinclair is performing, and at the American Lola Montes commences to-morrow night. During the last seven months our city has been gladdened by the sweet notes of Catherine Hayes, who is now on her way to Valparaiso and Australia. Catherine Hayes' career has been one continued source of pleasure to the public and profit to herself. The receipts of her two last concerts were over 10,000, dollars, besides many valuable presents. The private life and virtues of this lady, who is ever accompanied by her mother, have tended much to her success both in this city and throughout the interior, where large Halls or Theatres are to be found in some twelve different towns or cities in the vicinity of the mines. Herr Menghis is her vocal companion, and is deservedly much beloved by all those who have become acquainted with him. Bands of Quartet Singers, Negro Minstrels and "distinguished artists" are to be found throughout this state. The celebrated "Miska Hauser" is in the interior. By bad management his success has been very indifferent.

George Loder is highly esteemed among us, as is also his lady, who has become one of the members of the company at the San Francisco Theatre. Louis Lavenue, the composer and artist, has gone to Australia. Our city is filled with "artists," for every instrument, recently arrived. A company of vocalists from New York arrived by one of the steamers, but, having lost by death one of their members, will not appear in concert at present. Our churches are multiplying. Many of them have fine organs in them. Trinity Church is now closed, to enable the erection of a superior organ from Jardine, of New York.

Among the large and splendid warehouses, hotels, stores, and houses in this City of Gold, the music store of Atwill and Co. is not, by far, the most insignificant. The community daily appreciates the efforts of the "Pioneer of the Pacific in music matters," and daily can be seen at his establishment scores of ladies selecting the various new publications as received by every steamer from the great publishers of the Atlantic.

DR. WYLDE AND THE NEW PHILHARMONIC.

The following letter has been addressed to Dr. Wyld, by the members of the New Philharmonic Orchestra.

London, July 16th, 1853.

To Dr. WYLDE.

Sir,—We cannot take leave of you at the close of the second season of the New Philharmonic Society without giving some expression to the feelings of admiration and regard which we entertain towards you.

As the originator of this great society, which has done so much, and is destined to do so much more for the advancement of music of the highest order; as the director of the music, attending to all the complicated arrangements of the concerts, and to the construction of the successful programmes of the season; as one of the conductors of the performances; and as a composer, who has added to his titles in this respect the music of "Paradise Lost," of which your country has reason

to be proud, you hold a distinguished position which we are delighted to see you occupy.

We wish you every success in the bold and elevated career you have aspired to pursue, and judging from the ability and energy you have already displayed we confidently anticipate your success.

Accept the assurance of our personal regard for your kind deportment to us, and of our pleasure at the expectation of reassembling next year under your guidance.

(Signed)

J. T. WILLY,
H. COOPER,
CHARLES HARPER,
BOTTESSINI,
F. CIOFFI,
C. GOFFRIE,
J. CHIPP,
N. THOMAS,
BAUMANN,
WATKINS,
GEORGE COLLINS,
W. REED,
M. THIRLWALL,
BARRET,
HAUSMANN,

ZERBINI,
E. PIATTI,
A. PIATTI,
LAZARUS,
PROSPERE,
T. HARPER,
H. JARRET,
REMUSAT,
WINTERBOTTOM,
WAUD,
WEBB,
DEFOLLY,
GRICE,
AND THE OTHER MEMBERS OF
THE ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JULLIEN.

(Concluded.)

He had not been long at Turin before the ancient passion returned, and young Jullien's head and heart were again as full of music as before the time of his naval and military adventures. Dissatisfied with what the capital of Sardinia could supply in connection with his favourite pursuit, he resolved to go to Paris, and try his chance of being admitted into the *Conservatoire*, which was then directed by Cherubini, one of the idols of our hero. The resolution was good, but how to accomplish it was another matter. Where there is a will there is a way, however. Antonio, who was much reduced in circumstances, and had been obliged even to sell his little estate of Sarrebois, to supply his immediate wants, could give no substantial assistance to the execution of the project. The son, on the other hand, was not to be deterred; and, in default of the necessary travelling expences, he resolved to make the journey on foot.

Arrived in Paris, after a painfully long and tedious journey, Jullien put up at a small *auberge*, in the Quartier Latin, where he passed a feverish restless night—sleep deserting him until his mind could be put at ease about the object that lay nearest his heart.

The next morning he went to the *Conservatoire*, and, after some hours waiting, had the good fortune to be received by the illustrious Cherubini. The interview was anything but consoling to poor Jullien. The master was in one of his most crabbed humours, and interrogated him so hastily, that the tears came into the eyes of our hero, who gave everything up for lost. As he was on the point of leaving, with a heavy heart, and with the conviction, derived from the assurances of Cherubini, that he had not the smallest chance of being admitted into the *Conservatoire*, the sour old musician called him back suddenly—

"Che—che—", stuttered the composer of *Anacreon*, "che—che—qu' as tu fait?—as tu deja ecrit quelque chose?"—

"Oui ———"

"Come again to-morrow!" hastily retorted Cherubini,

whom the slightest explanation irritated—"Come again, and bring what you have composed; come at eleven."

As soon as he was in the street, our hero danced for joy, and the passers by on the Boulevard looked upon him as a madman. The next morning he was at his appointment to the minute, and was at once shown to Cherubini. Jullien had brought with him the score of an opera, *La Destruction de Pompeii*, and that of a ballet, called *Belphegor*, both of which had been composed during his sojourn at Marseilles, and both performed with the greatest success in that city. Cherubini read through a great portion of each with attention and evident interest. After an hour's painful suspense on the part of our young aspirant, the master laid down the music, and holding out his hand to Jullien—

"You have talent"—he said—"even genius; but you have yet much to learn. I will teach you."

The delight of our hero may be well imagined. He went home a happy man to his humble *auberge*; and this time he could not sleep a wink for joy. Received into the *Conservatoire*, he began his studies with ardour. Pleased with the quick apprehension and inquiring spirit of his new pupil, Cherubini initiated him into all the secrets of his art. He directed his attention more particularly to the study of sacred music, in the composition of which Jullien soon acquired a great proficiency, writing several masses and other works, besides a number of the severest exercises in counterpoint and fugue. Inspired by the example of his illustrious teacher, he used prodigious exertions to advance, and daily acquired more knowledge and facility.

Some time after his reception at the *Conservatoire*, Jullien made the acquaintance of the Great Rossini, with whom he soon contracted an intimacy. Rossini, taking an interest in the musical studies of his young friend, gave him much valuable advice, and among other things instructed him in the art of writing for voices, solo and in combination, in that of orchestration, and in that of accompaniment as applied to dramatic music. It was to the kindness and protection of the composer of *Guillaume Tell*, moreover, that Jullien, some years later, owed the appointment of *chef d'orchestre* at the balls of the Académie Royale de Musique et de Danse.

Cherubini, however, was not very well satisfied with this wavering and apparent indecision on the part of his pupil. The fine old master understood music in one way, and would admit of it no other; while Jullien, on the contrary, was an eclectic in his taste, and was desirous of learning all that could be taught, and of becoming acquainted with every possible style, from the gravest to the most light and unpretending—from oratorio and symphony to *valse* and *bagatelle*. This Cherubini would by no means countenance; and on hearing that Jullien had published a set of *vases* for the orchestra, he withdrew his protection, and no longer received him as a pupil. Thus may the greatest of men be occasionally blinded by prejudice. Mozart, Haydn, Weber, and even Beethoven, wrote dance music. Why should not Jullien?

"Tu a fait"—said the illustrious master to our hero—"comme une jeune fille, qui part pour le couvent et reste dans la rue." The reproach was bitter—so bitter that it turned sour, and was rejected, untasted, by him for whom it was intended.

It was on leaving the *Conservatoire* that Jullien was appointed director of the balls at the *Académie*, and conductor of the concerts in the *Champs Elysées*. His success was so great that at different periods he was chosen to preside over similar entertainments at the *Jardin Turc*, at Tivoli, and at the *Opera Comique*. He became the idol of the Parisian people, and his music obtained universal popularity.

Prosperity emboldened Jullien, at last, to take a place for himself. The magnificent *hotel* of the Duke of Padua being unoccupied, he leased it for a period of years, and fitted it up in the most splendid style, for balls, concerts, and other entertainments. Here he established his famous *Casino* (after the Italian mode), which soon became the rage. The managers of the various theatres, vexed at the enormous patronage accorded to Jullien, employed every means in their power to shut up his *Casino*. It was too near the arena of their own exploits, and in the summer especially, attracted nearly 10,000 visitors every night, among whom were a vast number of the most distinguished supporters of theatres and concerts. The superb gardens and gorgeous saloons of the *hotel* of the Duke of Padua were invariably crowded by the *élite* of society. An orchestra of 120 first-rate players, a chorus of 200, a *ballet* of 30 excellent dancers, and *premiers sujets* to match, enabled Jullien to give performances on the grandest scale. His continually augmenting success increased the anger of the theatrical directors, who united in getting up a powerful cabal against the spirited and popular *entrepreneur*. But the Parisian public was too knowing not to see through the conspiracy at once. The public indignantly opposed it, and the rioters were turned out, the hisses cuffed and ill-treated, and the enemy completely discomfited.

Matters did not end here, however. The dispute involved Jullien in quarrels, and in some cases in hostile meetings. In two duels he was successful. The evening before a third was to take place, he found, on returning home to his apartments, the following letter:—

[TRANSLATION.]

"Sir,—The person with whom you are going to fight to-morrow is a professor of fencing. He makes a trade of his sword, and is hired to kill you, as he has already killed others. Some years ago he was dismissed from the 22nd regiment of the line, where he had been master of arms, for having killed three persons, in duels, in the space of less than a year. An officer of that regiment, a friend of mine, who was present with myself at the ball yesterday, when the quarrel took place, advises you not to fight with such an assassin. If, however, you are determined, and nothing can prevent you from going out, he begs me to say that he will teach you the *botte secrète* (the secret lunge), the *parade* (the parry) of this same Leleu (nicknamed *le Loup*—"the Wolf"), who was my friend's fencing master in the 22nd regiment.

"Your devoted,

CHARLES FROMENT,

(Who only knows you by reputation)

"Chaussée d'Antin, &c."

Our hero, on his side, knew Charles Froment by reputation. He was one of the *Lions* of Paris—a fine dashing young fellow, as full of good nature as of courage. Jullien did not hesitate for an instant. He immediately repaired to the *Chaussée d'Antin*, was received by M. Froment with the greatest cordiality, and introduced to his friend, the officer in question—Lieutenant Reboul, who was in Paris, on leave of absence. He was one of those manly soldiers who confer such honour upon the French army—goodness, frankness, and bravery, were unmistakeably reflected in his countenance.

He pressed Jullien's hand with warmth.

"You shall not fight," he exclaimed; "with such a vagabond there can be no point of honour. To-morrow I shall throw my whip in his face. I know him well—the rascal!"

Jullien, however, was not to be dissuaded.

"I must fight," he replied, "otherwise they will say I was afraid of Leleu because he is a fencing-master. Besides, though young myself, I am an old soldier, and a sailor of Navarino in the bargain."

Pleased with the courage of our hero, and delighted to find that he was, after all, no novice, Lieutenant Reboul took down the foils.

"Come,"—said he, handing one to Jullien—"Let us try our strength."

In a short time Jullien was quite master of the *botte secrète*, and as at home in the treacherous lunge as Reboul himself. A surprise, and an ambuscade combined, it was impossible, unless previously aware of it, to parry it. The *Parade* was easily explained and easily acquired. Nothing, then, was wanting but address and boldness. Jullien had enough of the former, and more than enough of the latter.

The duel was to take place at St. Hoin, an isolated spot in the skirts of a thick wood, about a league from Paris. In the morning, before starting, Jullien received several letters, apprising him of the danger he was about to encounter; but they made no impression on him. At the appointed hour he reached the place of rendezvous, with Charles Froment and Lieutenant Reboul as his seconds. When the former arrived with the carriage, in which the arms were deposited, he found a crowd in front of Jullien's house, which was in the *Rue de la Bourse*. Several voices cried out, as our hero stepped into the vehicle:—

"Jullien!—don't fight—he is an assassin—your courage is known—don't go!" &c.

Many ran after the carriage; but the horses trotted so quickly that they soon lost sight of it. A large crowd then proceeded to the *Bois de Boulogne*—the first place of meeting, which the antagonists had taken the precaution to change, in dread of interference. When Jullien and his friends arrived at St. Hoin, they found no one but Leleu and his two seconds, who had that instant come.

On perceiving his lieutenant, Leleu, taken by surprise, turned pale and seemed altogether disconcerted. In a few minutes, nevertheless, he had regained his composure, and waited patiently while the seconds arranged the conditions of the duel. Jullien's seconds proposed pistols, which those of the fencing-master obstinately declined. At last, impatient at the delay, Jullien said, hastily and in anger—

"Swords! swords! whatever you like, only make an end of it."

In an instant he took off his coat and threw it upon the ground, Leleu, who asked for nothing better, following his example. Swords were soon crossed. "Mind"—said Reboul to Jullien—"don't attack." The eyes of Jullien and his adversary were fixed on each other. Knitting his brow, Leleu, with a savage look, made two or three feints, which Jullien parried without breaking the line; and, in a counter, wounding his adversary slightly in the hand.

"This is the first time I ever was wounded"—cried Leleu, with fury and vexation.

Jullien's seconds now wished to stop the combat—which they had a right to do, according to the laws of duelling.

"It is nothing"—said Leleu, with irrepressible rage—"En garde—en garde!"—added he, fire flashing in his eye.

"That's the thrust"—cried out the lieutenant, as Jullien made a lunge.

"Ah!"—said Leleu—"I suspected it—you have shown it him." Then, retreating a step, he resumed—"Never mind—you have not shown him this one."

With the quickness of lightning he now made another lunge at Jullien, whose breast was pierced through and through by the sword of his enemy. Jullien was not immediately aware of the blow, but precipitated himself upon Leleu (who

had imprudently let go his sword), and gave him a thrust which felled him to the ground and wounded him severely. At this instant, Doctor Rey, of the faculty of Paris, who had come with Jullien and his party, proposed bleeding in both arms, to stop the internal hemorrhage—which, being agreed to by Jullien's seconds, he immediately effected. Jullien was then carried on a litter to a small farm-house in the neighbourhood, and directly put to bed.

The day after, the following paragraph appeared in the *Journal des Debats*:—

"Jullien, the celebrated *chef-d'orchestre*, was killed yesterday morning, in a duel, at St. Hoin."

It was not until some days afterwards that this news was contradicted. Our hero remained a fortnight in the little farmstead, balancing between life and death, during which he was treated with the greatest care and kindness by his seconds, by Dr. Rey, and by the good farmers themselves. He was then brought back to Paris, and, two months afterwards, reappeared at the head of his orchestra—very pale, very weak, but with all the old energy and spirit unabated. His reception was enthusiastic. The crowd increased every day at his concerts, and the hatred of Jullien's enemies—the managers—revived. They at last carried their point. A petition was drawn up, signed by themselves respectively, and by their respective friends, and presented to M. Delessert, Prefect of Police. This magistrate, who, on most other occasions, had shown himself just and discriminating, was deceived by the art and sophistry of the address, and caused the Casino to be closed—in the French manner—at the point of the bayonet, under the wretched pretext that it created too much noise in the neighbourhood. Hence Jullien's resolution to visit England.

The ostensible object of Jullien, in coming to London, was to give a series of concerts, preparatory to his departure for America. But, not being able to find, in this great capital, with its two million and a half inhabitants, a concert room sufficiently large for his purpose, he determined to take a theatre. He had not much confidence in the scheme, and could not be persuaded that a theatre was as favourable an arena for his entertainments as a concert room. Resolved upon doing something, however, he made application for Drury Lane Theatre, which had been closed for a long time. Another offer had been made, in the meanwhile, by Mr. Eliason, which, being backed by the Committee, was accepted. Lord Glengall, however, who had known Jullien during the most brilliant part of his career in Paris, endeavoured to persuade the Committee that his protégée had better chances of success than the other; while a gallant admiral, also one of the committee, who had seen him for an instant many years ago when a boy, and recognized him immediately, took the same view as Lord Glengall. But the promise having been made to Mr. Eliason, the theatre was let to that gentleman, with the condition that he should engage Jullien as *chef d'orchestre*.

How, eventually, Jullien himself became the *entrepreneur* of the Drury Lane Concerts, and with what spirit, intelligence, and success he carried them on for a long series of years, are too well known to need recapitulation. His career in England has been one of such importance, and embraces so many details connected with the progress of the art in this country, that it is the intention of the writer of this memoir to make it the subject of a second series of papers. The present sketch may appropriately conclude with an extract from the report

of Jullien's farewell concert, at Drury Lane Theatre, which appeared in the columns of the *Times* :—

"M. Jullien was welcomed with uproarious applause on making his appearance in the orchestra, although for the majority it must have been rather a moment of regret than of satisfaction under the circumstances. One who has served the public for so many years with such unabated zeal—who has supplied them with a periodical means of recreation, unprecedented in cheapness, and not easily surpassed in excellence—who has, without pedantry or obtrusive display, instructed while amusing—who has gradually taught the multitude to appreciate the best music, without making his lesson a bore, or giving his hearers a surfeit—who has, in short, achieved, and worthily achieved, such popularity that his name has become a household word in the metropolis and provinces of Great Britain, cannot be dismissed like any and every speculator who casts his net upon the waters to try what he may catch. M. Jullien is entitled to good opinion for two reasons :—First, he has afforded the public a delightful relaxation, at a moderate charge; second, he has been the means of elevating the general taste for an art which the more it is diffused the better for the community at large—since, while in its simplest forms it supplies the most harmless and innocent of pleasures, when seriously considered it yields to no intellectual pursuits in its influence upon the highest faculties of man. M. Jullien has effected no little towards the great object of instilling into the masses a taste for those refined examples of the musical art, which, for too long a period, have been monopolized by a very small number of individuals. He has despatched the musicmaster abroad, and, strange enough, the uninstructed crowd, awakened to a new sympathy, has often given such verdicts as have shown that the privileged few are not always correct in their judgments. The loss of such a man for an indefinite period is, therefore, to be lamented; and the sooner he returns the better."

The above, in a few words, conveys the result of fourteen years of zealous and untiring labour in the service of the public, and of real devotion to the interests of music and the welfare of its professors.

In the prime of life and the vigour of his powers, (being scarcely forty,) Jullien is about to start upon a new enterprise, of not less magnitude and significance than the others. He is going to solicit the sympathies and good opinion of a nation as populous and mighty as France and Great Britain; and where the love of music is so rapidly spreading, that, in this respect, as in others, the New World threatens to rival and ultimately to surpass the Old. That Jullien will help to fan the flame, and that it will burn the brighter for his presence and aid, there can be little doubt. Our transatlantic brethren will receive him, as he has been received here, with cordiality and good will; and will reward him, as he has been rewarded here, with fortune and an honourable name.

CHARLES MATHEWS AT MANCHESTER.

(From the Manchester Courier.)

THERE has been quite a week of revelry at the Theatre Royal, consequent upon the appearance, after an absence of six years, of Mr. Charles Mathews; and Momus following close upon the heels of Tragedy, has, for the time named, not only selected the pieces, but directed their performance, the heathen divinity being, for the nonce, aptly enough personified by the gentleman named. During the years that have elapsed since Madame Vestris took her farewell benefit, Mr. Mathews has had the management of the Lyceum, and has kept it almost constantly open for the recreation of those who seek amusement rather than the higher class of mental gratification which the reproductions of Mr. Kean and Mr. Phelps afford; but after all it does not seem to have been much of a catch in the way of profit, for the place is now closed, and Mr. Mathews, with a talented company of actors, are "starring it in the provinces." It is

not from his appearance upon the stage that you must expect to notice in Mr. Mathews any of the signs of accumulated years; complete master of the arts that the necessities of a theatrical "make-up" bring into action, he never spares time nor labour in attending to them, and in consequence you see no more of the wrinkles that Time must have placed upon his brow than of those of which an unlucky tailor would be permitted to leave unsmoothed in his coat; Art eradicates them for the nonce, however persistent Nature may be in the matter. But with advancing years we have all the experience which a man standing alone in that department of his profession to which he has devoted his attention exclusively, and with powers of observation of no ordinary kind, can accumulate, supported by the gaiety and buoyant hilarity which distinguished earlier days alone. The pieces performed have been altogether Lyceum pieces, those of which Mr. Mathews holds the copyright, and which were quite new in the country, not having found their way down here, with the one exception of *Used Up*, selected for his benefit last night. Most of them have been written from the Mathews point of view, as a controversialist would say, intended specially for his display in a sort of sidereal system of which he is the great orb, with lesser planets revolving at some considerable distance, and deriving light and warmth from him. *The Game of Speculation* is the piece by which his visit will be remembered. It is one of those which cannot be popular in the hands of anyone not possessing the peculiar style of Mr. Mathews, and, therefore, like many other pieces he has produced, it must remain in his repertoire undamaged by the touch of an interior artist. The author, writing under a *nom de guerre*, is Mr. G. H. Lewes, well remembered in Manchester, who obtained it from a French piece, and has, with much ability, re-clothed the skeleton of his original in a thoroughly English dress as to action, though not, we must add, as to sentiment; in that respect, it is below the standard even of the not too strict morality that has been established for comedies generally. *The Game of Speculation* is played by Mr. Affable Hawk, of the firm of Hawk and Sparrow, who, finding himself placed in difficulties by the absconding of his partner with the bulk of assets belonging to the firm, is driven to a variety of expedients in order to stave off the importunities of creditors, who clamour for money; and in the success of these expedients there is a considerable amount of temptation to go and do likewise. True, Mr. Affable Hawk, at the close, has something to say in deprecation of debt, and of the tricks by which he has staved off an evil day until he is saved, but his speech is so clearly nothing more than the orthodox finale to a piece, written *pro forma* to the order of public taste, and has so little of repentance in it, that any moral that may be intended is quite extinguished by the remembrance of the brilliant success that attended his career of sharp practice. There are few who will moralise thus, however, when witnessing a representation of Mr. Hawk by Charles Mathews, unequivocally one of his best characters. Faultlessly dressed in character, he sustains the part of a speculator who must live and sees no way to do it except by expedients, so much to the life, that no stretch of imagination is required to elicit the belief that there is more knowledge of the part than is suspected. We seem admitted into the very house of the *habitué* of the court, where bubble companies rise and burst like gas films on the surface of a stagnant ditch. It is impossible to resist laughter at the very odd style in which debt is descanted upon, or not to admire the genius which can so gull and cajole imperious, inexorable creditors, draw from them the secrets of their business, and out of them construct the grounds for another loan, the scene finishing, by a very expressive piece of bye-play, intimating that they are only puppets and Mr. Affable Hawk the master hand who pulls the strings. Then there are such oddly ludicrous modes in which debt and its relations are viewed, such greatly philosophic modes of stating the value of time, and such an easy nonchalance about the man in his most desperate positions, that it goes hard for anyone to preserve a grave and critical countenance. We must say, however, that we esteem so much of this to lay in Charles Mathews himself, that with apprehension we should attend to witness any other performer that we know of in the same part. Mr. Harker, Mr. Stephens, Mr. J. G.

Shore, and Mr. Rae, played the part of the creditors well, and Mr. Chester, at first much too foppish, on a second performance subsided into a very fair representative of a character of whom there are many specimens in the world—a tuft-hunter, seeking to repair his own broken fortunes by alliance with the better condition of some one else. *The Lawyer*, by the same author, is commonplace and not particularly refined, much inferior indeed to that of which we have spoken. These are the two leading parts in which Mr. Mathews has appeared. There have been also four farces. *Little Toddlekins* described the misfortunes of the sorrowing partner of a defunct widow, whose daughter by a former husband, nearly twenty years older than himself, persists in acting toward him like a child. He is anxious for fresh matrimonial alliances, but she breaks off seven by her presence and years, and the subject of the farce is the *contretemps* of the eighth suit. In *Trying it On*, the nervous tendency of Mr. Walsingham Potts to touch, arrange, or try on everything he sees, gets him into some precious scraps. In *The Express Train*, we had a very clever hit at Yankee manners and summary modes of doing business, even in the matter of lovemaking.—Uncle Sam's representative knocking up a British merchant, at four o'clock in the morning, to bargain with him for the hand of his daughter whom he has seen at the opera on the previous night. *The Practical Man*, however, was the crowning absurdity of Mr. Mathews' farces, and in it he kept the house roaring with laughter for nearly an hour. In fact the fun was oppressive, it was no "loud," as the phrase now is, and the piece, with Mathews in it, ought not to be repeated under a couple of nights, the interval being required for breathing time. Last night Mr. Mathews took his benefit in *Used Up*, *Little Toddlekins*, and *The Practical Man*, and a house crammed to the ceiling, and looking magnificent, was the response to his call. His Sir Charles Coldstream was satisfactory; in the two farces he was glorious. We must not omit to mention that Mrs. Horsman, as "Little Toddlekins," was first-rate, and altogether Mr. Mathews has been very well supported.

ON THE STYLE OF MUSIC USED BY THE PERSIAN DERVISHES, &c.

(From T. H. Tomlinson's *Lectures on Oriental Music*.)

THE most curious part of the Persian music is the dance of Dervishes, and although the melodies are rude and extraordinary which accompany them, yet they serve to show how music was held in estimation as forming a constituent part of their religious ceremonies, and are certainly not without merit. "The Dervishes are an order of fanatics and impostors, who live together in Tekas, or convents, in Persia and other oriental countries. On certain days they hold meetings, at which their superior presides, and on these occasions one of the fraternity plays on the flute, accompanied by a little drum, while the rest dance, whirling themselves round with great swiftness. This practice they strictly observe in memory of Mevelava, their patriarch, who is said to have continued turning miraculously round for the space of four days without food or refreshment, his companion, Hamza, playing all the while on the flute, after which extraordinary exercise he fell into an ecstasy, in which he received revelations for the establishment of his order. They believe the flute to have been consecrated by Jacob and the shepherds of the Old Testament, because they sang the praises of God upon it. The melodies they sing, in general possess considerable originality and force of expression, and are throughout faithful to the meaning and spirit of the poetry. Many of them are full of grace and tenderness, others of majesty and sublimity, and some possess a degree of playfulness highly characteristic of their peculiar dance. The melodies are short, and excellent of their various kinds. In giving this account of Persian music of course I have spoken as one accustomed to the melodious sounds of European music. In point of taste everything is relative and arbitrary. A Persian would most probably be as insensible to the ravishing combination of sounds of our orchestras, as the Turkish Ambassador, who, when present at a performance of the opera, felt great pleasure in the confused noise made by the performers while tuning their instruments, but remained cold and insensible to the music itself. Sufficient has been shewn to prove

that a kind of music, however tasteless to cultivated European ears, has formed and does form a considerable feature in the amusements and feasts of the Persians; and although it is out of our power to ascertain what sort of music accompanied the march of Xerxes' army to the straits of Thermopylæ, or breathed in the ears of the Sultana and courtiers at the banquets of Alexander and Cyrus, yet doubtless it 'nerved the warrior's arm' and called forth feelings of love and pity in the breasts of the hearers of those days. The Persians have ceased to be a warlike people; they are fast losing even their love of poetry, and the slight insight they had obtained into the sciences. Music will therefore most probably continue in its present uncultivated state among them, or gradually become less and less thought of, until it ceases to exist in any other way than as the confused noise of 'sounding brass' and 'tinkling cymbal.'"

I shall conclude my account of the Persians by introducing one more extract, which I do, as tending to show the analogy between the nuptial feasts of the ancients and those of the Persians. After describing the manner in which the morning of the wedding-day is spent, Sir R. Porter tells us "that the lady is led to her future apartments accompanied by her female relations and waiting maids. Her friends of the opposite sex meanwhile repair to those of the bridegroom, where, all the male relations on both sides being assembled, the feast commences, with drums and other musical instruments playing the most conspicuous part."

I am very sorry that I cannot give you a particular description of a painting named by Sir R. Porter in the Chehel Letoon, or Palace of Forty Pillars. The picture alluded to represents a banquet scene, in which the musical instruments, and every detail in the dresses of persons present, are said to be painted with almost Flemish precision. It is to be regretted, as a matter of curiosity both to artists and musicians, that the forms of the instruments and description of the dresses were not given, it might have thrown some light upon a subject which the more it appears involved in mystery and ancient tradition, the more it engages the attention of the inquirer in such matters, whose passion for endeavouring to develop the state of art in remote times, is fed and kept alive by the slightest hint or communication that can, in the slightest degree, tend to furnish materials for reflection and comparison.

Provincial.

LICHFIELD.—(From a Correspondent).—A musical treat of no ordinary kind was afforded to the public of this neighbourhood, in the shape of an amateur concert, which was given at Manley Hall, near this town, the seat of J. S. Manley, Esq., on Thursday, July 14th. Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, the audience was numerous and aristocratic, most of the country families attending; the proceeds of the performance being in aid of charitable purposes. The programme was as follows. —

Part I.—Grand selection, *Muette de Portici* (Auber); pianoforte, Miss Minet, harp, Mrs. E. Peel, violoncello, Mr. R. Garnett, flute, Mr. Tylecote, barytone, Mr. Garnett; duet, "Flower Queen" (Glover), Miss M. Gorham and Miss L. Vinning; song, "S'io fossi un' angelo del Parradiso" (Marras), Mr. C. Peel; duet, "Ah! se potessi piangere," *Belisario* (Donizetti), Mrs. Hampton and the Rev. C. A. Wickes; duet, Pianoforte, "Themes sur les Huguenots" (Osborne), Miss Hampton and Herr Bohrer; song, "Kathleen Mavourneen" (Crouch), Mrs. Hampton; glee, "Where the bee sucks" (Arne and Jackson), Mrs. Hampton, Mrs. W. Mott, Miss Tyler, Mr. C. M. Ingleby, and the Rev. C. A. Wickes; song, "Follette" (Thys), Miss Tyler; solo, harp, "Cease your fanning," Mrs. E. Peel; song, "I'll follow thee" (Farmer), Miss L. Vinning; song, "Ciascun lo dice" *Figlio del Reggimento* (Donizetti), Mrs. Hampton; solo and chorus, "Dal tuo stellato soglio," *Mose in Egitto* (Rossini), Mrs. Hampton, Mrs. W. Mott, Mr. C. M. Ingleby, and the Rev. C. A. Wickes. Part II.—Grand selection, *Norma* (Bellini), pianoforte, Miss Minet, harp, Mrs. E. Peel, violoncello, Mr. R. Garnett, flute, Mr. Tylecote; song, "Blind girl to her harp" (Glover), Miss M. Gorham; trio, "Le faccio un inchino," *Il Matrimonio Segreto* (Cimarosa), Mrs. Hampton, Mrs. W. Mott, and Miss Tyler; song, "The rainy day" (Hatton), Mr. C. M. Ingleby; solo, pianoforte, Miss Minet; song, "Jenny Lind's Swedish Melody," Miss L. Vinning; duet, "Ah! se di mali miei," *I Tamerli* (Rossini), Mrs. W. Mott and Mr. C. M. Ingleby; song, "One gentle heart," (Wallace), Miss L. Vinning;

solo, pianoforte, Herr Bohrer; song, "Waters of Ellé," with flute obligato (John Parry), Mrs. W. Mott; song, "Non piu andrai," *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Mozart), the Rev. C. A. Wickes; song, "Irish Lament," Mrs. Hampton; finale, "God save the Queen."

Among the vocal performers who particularly distinguished themselves we must place foremost Mrs. Hampton, (a lady well known in the London musical circles,) who by her fine voice and good method of singing, won the applause of all, no less in her delivery of her Irish songs, than by her manner of rendering the florid *morceaux* of the Italian school. We have rarely heard at Lichfield a finer display of vocalisation, amateur or professional, than in the "Irish Lament," as sung by this lady. Particular mention must also be made of Miss L. Vinning, (once well known as the Infant Sappho, now a resident in this town,) whose singing was greatly admired, not as formerly in the light of a "prodigy," but from the purity and sweetness of her voice. We are sorry to hear that the musical education of this young lady, although considered as a professional, is entirely neglected, and that even now she is in entire ignorance of the first rudiments of her art. We feel this the more the pity, because we are quite satisfied from her performance on this occasion, that were due legitimate study pursued, she would become an ornament to the profession. The other soprano vocalists performed their respective parts in a highly creditable manner. The tenor voices of Mr. C. Peel and Mr. Ingleby (an amateur from Birmingham) were much admired, the latter gentleman obtaining a well-merited encore in Hatton's Mendelssohn-like version of Tennyson's "Rainy Day." Also the bass voice of the Rev. C. A. Wickes, (honorary secretary of the Northampton Choral Society,) who by his spirited rendering of Mozart's noble "Non piu andrai" won the unanimous applause of the audience. Herr Bohrer, the pianist, (nephew of the lamented Madame Dulcken,) officiated as conductor, and delighted all present by his performance of Liszt's difficult "Illustrations du Prophete." The pianoforte solos performed by Miss Hampton and Miss Minet, and the solo on the harp by Mrs. E. Peel, were likewise entitled to notice. Altogether the concert gave the greatest satisfaction to all present; and we can only wish such gatherings of amateur talent were more frequent among us.

GLoucester.—Among the many pleasures which put forth their allurements to the good folk of Gloucester during the week, not the least attractive was the performance of the "Lyceum Company" at the Theatre Royal. With banners waving and martial music inspiring and firing the breasts of convivial Britons, and triumphal arches amazing in their plenitude of evergreens, and roseate with many hues of thousands of rosettes, all to be enjoyed, and gazed at to the top of one's bent in the streets, "free gratis and for nothing," it might be a matter of speculation as to whether there would be enough of patrons left to fill the little Thespian temple behind the pork-pie shop in Westgate-street. But as excellence must ever command its admirers, so was it with the comedians assembled to give an additional zest to the higher class of entertainment presented to the innumerable visitors who from "early dawn to dewy eve" thronged the streets of Gloucester, drawn thither by the Agricultural Meeting. The names of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews are warranty wherever they may pitch their tents that any attempt theatrical will be achieved with taste and elegance. Drawn up by the narrow pathways which lead to boxes, pit, and gallery, by the magnet-like names we have mentioned, delighted were we to sit for some good hour or so laughing at and admiring a series of drawing-room performances, creditable alike to the actors and to the audience, who assembled in goodly numbers. The pieces played were, *Young Husbands and Married Daughters*; *The Wonderful Woman*; *The Lawyers*; *Delicate Ground*, &c. To praise the actresses and actors individually would exhaust encomium and swallow up our space; suffice it to say, that not only upon the occasion to which we more particularly allude, but also on each night that the theatre was opened, all parties exerted themselves to the utmost to render the "play the thing" wherein to catch the pleasure-makers of this festive week. In according our just meed of praise, we must not forget to speak of Miss M. Oliver, who looked amazingly pretty in some of the young lady characters, which she plays with a grace and finish entirely her own. Mr. Robert Roxby, too, exerted his

wit successfully; his refined and telling comedy giving a humorous turn to the whole highly relishing. The opening of the theatre was a happy idea, and, we trust, in its results as gratifying to the management as to the visitors. Recollecting as we do the booth companies who have disgraced the place, we must give credit to Mr. Needham for his exertions in placing such first-rate performers before the public.—*Gloucester Journal*, July 16.

BRIGHTON.—Mr. Henry Farren opened the Theatre Royal on Monday evening, with a full and efficient company. During the recess the theatre has been entirely re-decorated, renovated, and improved. Mr. Henry Farren has shown much discrimination in the choice of his company. Among the principals we may mention Messrs. Munroe (an old Shaksperian actor), Mr. H. Nye (an excellent comedian), the stage manager, Miss Louisa Howard (a great acquisition and an admirable talent), and others of good name and tolerable fame. We may also name Mr. Turner, the young tenor, pupil of Mr. Clement White, who was so successful during the season at the London Concerts. The ballet department is unusually strong for Brighton, and numbers some capital hands, or rather feet, among them. Mr. Farren, the elder, too, has promised to appear for a few nights during the season. The theatre opened on Monday with Buckstone's comedy of *Married Life*, and was followed by *The Invisible Prince* and the *Ballet Divertissement*, the *Carnival of Venice*. Herr Stern, a musician and an experienced, is appointed musical director.

Miscellaneous.

MISS RELDAS.—We owe this lady and our readers an apology for having mislaid the notice of her concert, which took place at the Beethoven Rooms on the 29th ultimo. Miss Reldas is a bird of untried wing, having been only a few months before the public. She is a pupil of Signor Crivelli, and has a nice mezzo soprano voice of a quality, which cultivation will soon bring to a fair maturity. She sang in a variety of pieces and was unanimously encored in Spohr's charming song, "Rose softly blooming." We hope and expect to see the youthful vocalist, by diligent study, soon form one among the bright and increasing group of our native syrens. The rest of the concert our memory compels us to dismiss briefly. Mr. George Tedder was as successful as ever in Mr. Pollard's new song, "I would not tell thee all I feel," and was encored in a Scotch melody. Miss Binfield Williams displayed her fairy digitals and refined taste in a couple of fantasias on the pianoforte. The room was quite full.

NEW CHORAL SOCIETY (Mary-le-bone).—The third concert of this society took place on Thursday sen'night at Lawson's Rooms, Upper Gower-street, when *The Creation* was given. The principal vocalists were Mrs. John Roe and Mr. Gadsby. The lady gave the well-known song, "With verdure clad," with her usual acumen and effect, and was loudly applauded. Mr. Gadsby has a good bass voice and sings with taste and judgment. Miss F. Stirling, pupil of Mrs. Roe, displayed a sweet voice and good tuition in the trio, "Most beautiful appear." A considerable improvement has been effected in the instrumental band, but creditable as this improvement is to the exertions of Mr. John Roe, the conductor, much remains to be done in the same direction, if the society is to take a permanent station in public esteem. The number of subscribers is increasing, and there is reasonable hope that the funds will shortly enable the committee to second the favourable opinion manifested in the neighbourhood towards the society. The room was quite full.

MRS. RYAN'S CONCERT.—The rage for giving concerts under distinguished patronage is now in the ascendant. Mrs. Ryan's (no relation to Mr. Desmond Ryan) took place at the St. James's Theatre, by the kind permission of Mr. Mitchell, and under the immediate patronage of the Marchioness of Ely, the Marchioness of Hastings, the Marchioness of Ailesbury, the Countess of Jersey, the Lady Camoys, the Lady Petre, the Lady Elizabeth Villiers, the Hon. Mrs. Gordon, the Hon. Mrs. Butler Johnstone, the Hon. Lady Butler, Lady Easthope, and Mrs. Frederick Torrens, on Thursday morning, when, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, an excellent audience was collected together. A large array of vocalists and instrumentalists were assembled, and went

through a very long programme with unflagging industry, for which they received ample reward in the shape of applause. This being, we understand, a concert got up for a specific purpose, we do not think it necessary to enter into details. The artists will be sufficiently recompensed for their labour by the knowledge that the concert has realized the anticipations of the promoters, should such be the case.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—As an illustration of the old adage that great results often arise from small beginnings, it was stated at a recent meeting of the Sacred Harmonic Society, that the profits which had been derived from the books of words, sold to the audience at sixpence each, had realised upwards of £2500. Of this sum, above £1600 was received from Christmas 1836 to Christmas 1847, a period of eleven years; from the latter date to the present time (five and a half years) the profits arising from this apparently insignificant source, have been nearly £900; more than sufficient to defray the entire cost of music for the Society's extensive orchestra.

DR. SPOHR left London on Wednesday, and returned to Hesse-Cassel.

EMILE PRUDENT left last week for Paris.

MDLLE. CLAUS at MANCHESTER.—The first Gentlemen's Concert will take place on Monday evening, at the Music Hall, under the direction of M. Charles Hallé. The pianist, on this occasion, will be Mdle. Clauss. The singers are Mdle. Agnes Bury, Madame Dona and Herr H. Reichart.

MUSIC.—Let taste and skill in this beautiful art be spread among us, and every family will have a new resource. Home will gain a new attraction. Social intercourse will be more cheerful, and an innocent public amusement will be furnished to the community. Public amusements, bringing multitudes together to kindle with one emotion, to share the same innocent joy, have a humanizing influence; and among these bonds of society perhaps no one produces so much unmingled good as music. What a fulness of enjoyment has our Creator placed within our reach, by surrounding us with an atmosphere which may be shaped into sweet sounds! And yet this goodness is almost lost upon us, through want of culture of the organ by which this provision is to be enjoyed.—*Dr. Channing on Temperance.*

MODERN HINDOO MUSIC, &c.—We are informed that architecture, sculpture, painting, and even poetry, were carried to an astonishing perfection in India. Why should not music have had its share in the consideration of a people who have left behind them such surpassing monuments of ingenuity and labour as the pagodas of Perwuttun and Wone, and the temple of Boro Budor, in Java. The arts and sciences generally go hand in hand amongst the nations who have cherished them, and until the contrary is proved to us, we may conclude that the art of music, so natural an amusement, obtaining, in every other quarter of the globe, the greatest admiration, has been equally cultivated by the Hindoos, and carried to a great degree of excellence. However, the moderns are very much behind their forefathers in musical knowledge, which is not to be wondered at, considering that, for the last four centuries perpetual conquests have reduced them to a state of utter dependency. It would be doing the Indians great injustice if we imagined that music was only cultivated by the common order who follow the rabble in festival cavalcade or religious procession. I believe the best artists are to be found in Hindostan, among the rich and learned, who often study music as a science, and sometimes attain considerable proficiency in it. In those parts of India which are under the British dominion, the same style of music is cultivated as in England, and Calcutta in particular has been visited by some very distinguished artists, both vocal and instrumental.—*From Tomlinson's Lectures on Oriental Music.*

Reviews of Music.

"THE ZEPHYR POLKA."—By G. A. Durlacher. Campbell, Ransford, and Co.

A very pretty polka, and tuneful, and not at all dependent upon other polkas for its prettiness and tunefulness. It is well written for the piano, lies well for the hands, and is altogether a neat piece for unpretending fingers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IGNACE PLEYEL was born in 1756. He became a pupil of Haydn's, and of that master's scholars none have approached nearer to his style than the subject of this narrative. He composed fifteen symphonies for the nobility's concerts at the time Haydn wrote the twelve for Salomon's; several sets of quartets, trios, and duets for violins, &c. His quartets were arranged for the piano, violin, and violoncello by Lachnitt. Some ladies at a private party to which Pleyel was invited, thinking to pay him a compliment, played a selection from them, but the master, instead of appreciating their act of respect, drily observed:—"Have I composed no music for the pianoforte that they should play my violin music upon it." Amongst his sonatas for the chamber may be noticed the six for the pianoforte, with accompaniments for the flute (or violin) and violoncello, dedicated to the Queen of Great Britain, consort of George the Third. These sonatas abound with graceful solos for the flute and piano, with an easy violoncello part, within the execution of the majority of amateur performers on the three instruments, possessing a greater number of pleasing phrases than many compositions of the present time, still, without the difficulties so frequent in the works of the popular writers now in fashion. A beautiful edition of the sonatas has been brought out with the accompaniments printed separately, to be had of Bates, Ludgate Hill. Pleyel survived all the most celebrated composers that were popular at the close of the last century, and died in 1831. He was father to the husband of the most celebrated pianist of the day—need we say, Marie Pleyel.

INQUIRER.—Mr. W. Winterbottom is engaged to go to America with Jullien, but we believe he intends returning to England at the expiration of six months.

J. W. D., GLASGOW.—The firm that advertised the Musical Library in our pages is Graue and Co., of Newgate Street.

MR. FRENCH FLOWERS' CONCERT would have been attended to, but the tickets did not reach the office of the *Musical World* until seven o'clock on Monday evening. Mr. Flowers will therefore see we have not wittingly neglected him. We may add, however, that a gentleman who was present has kindly offered to write us a notice of the performance which took place at Mr. French Flowers' Concert, which will appear next week.

J. M. M.—Mendelssohn, Raphael, Mozart, Byron, about the same age. Shelley died younger—Keats younger still—Kirke White younger still—Chatterton youngest of all.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

J. L. H., Rochester.

NEW PIANOFORTE MUSIC,

COMPOSED BY WILLIAM HUTCHINS CALLCOTT.

	Solos.	Duets.
THE ECHO MELODY - - - - -	2 6	3 0
Inscribed to Miss EMILY GARRARD.		
THE GATHERED LILY (In Memoriam) - - -	2 6	
VILLAGE BELLS - - - - -	3 0	
Inscribed to The Lady MARIA HOWARD.		
THE RAINBOW - - - - -	3 0	3 6
Inscribed to Miss MARY LOUISA LASCELLES.		
MORNING MIST (Sequel to EVENING DEW) -	2 6	3 0
Inscribed to GEORGE A. OSBORNE, Esq.		
THE WATERFALL - - - - -	3 0	
Inscribed to Miss POYNTER.		

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AS EXHIBITED in the Fountains at the Dublin and New York Great Exhibitions, is far superior to Eau de Cologne as a tonic and refreshing Lotion for the Toilet or Bath, a reviving Perfume, a pleasant dentifrice, and a powerful disinfectant for apartments or sick rooms. Its numerous useful and sanitary properties render it an indispensable requisite in all families. Price 2s. 6d. and 5s. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, and by

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INFALLIBLE Cure of a Stomach Complaint, with Indigestion and Violent Head-aches. Extract of a Letter from Mr. S. Gowen, Chemist, of Clifton, near Bristol, dated July 14th, 1852. To Professor Holloway, dear Sir,—I am requested by a lady named Thomas, just arrived from the West Indies, to acquaint you that for a period of eight years, herself and family suffered from continual bad health, arising from disorders of the Liver and Stomach, Indigestion, loss of Appetite, violent Head-aches, pains in the Side, Weakness, and General Debility, for which she consulted the best men in the colony, but without any beneficial result; at last she had recourse to your invaluable Pills, which in a very short time effected so great a change for the better, that she continued them, and the whole family were restored to health and strength. Further she desires me to say, that she has witnessed their extraordinary virtues in those complaints incidental to children, particularly in cases of Measles and Scarletina, having effected positive cures of these diseases with no other remedy. (Signed) S. GOWEN.

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AND we are enabled to sell prime Congou Tea at 3s. per lb., the best Congou Tea at 3s. 41.—Rich, rare Souchong Tea at 3s. 8d.—Good Green Tea at 3s. 4d. to 3s. 8d.—Vermilion Green Tea at 4s.—and Delicious Green Tea at 5s. We strongly recommend our friends to buy Tea at our present prices, as Teas are getting dearer. Those who purchase now will save money. The best Plantation Coffee is now 1s. per lb. The best Mocha 1s. 4d. Teas, Coffees, and all other goods sent Carriage Free, by our own vans and carts, if within eight miles; and Teas, Coffees, and Spices sent carriage free to any part of England, if to the value of 40s., or upwards, by Phillips & Co., Tea and Colonial Merchants, 8, King William-street, City, London.

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Road, London. The principles of the Hygeian or Morisonian System, are contained in the following propositions:—1. The vital principle is in the blood. 2. Every thing in the body is derived from the blood. 3. All constitutions are radically the same. 4. All diseases arise from impurity of the blood, or, in other words, from acrimonious humours lodged in the body. 5. Pain and disease have the same origin; and may therefore be considered synonymous. 6. Proper Purgation by vegetables is the only effectual mode of eradicating disease. 7. The discovery of a **VEGETABLE COMPOUND**, capable of being digested, and mixing with the blood, so as to impart to it the energy requisite for ridding the body of all impurities, was a desideratum. 8. This discovery was made by James Morison, the Hygeist, in the composition of Morison's Pills, the Vegetable Universal Medicine of the British College of Health, Hamilton Place, New Road, London.

MORISON'S VEGETABLE UNIVERSAL MEDICINES.

None are genuine unless they come direct from the College as above, with the words, "Morison's Universal Medicines," on the government stamp. See List of duly authorised agents.—No chemists or druggists are authorized to sell Morison's Pills. Dated this 2nd May, 1851. (Signed) MORISON & Co., Hygeists.

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THE ENGLISH GLEE AND MADRIGAL UNION.

MRS. ENDERSON, Mrs. Lockey (late Miss M. Williams), Mr. Lockey, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Henry Phillips. Arrangements are now being made for the Autumnal Tour in the North and West of England. All communications to be addressed to the Secretary, at Rudall, Rose, and Carte's, 100, New Bond-street.

R. CARTE, Secretary.

STAFFORD HOUSE.

MISS GREENFIELD (the Black Swan), will sing this Morning at her Concert at the Duchess of Sutherland's, a New Song, composed for the occasion, "Yes! now I'm free," or, "The Slave's Escape," dedicated by permission to Her Grace the Duchess of Sutherland. The words by J. Stuart C. Morris, Esq.; the music by Charles W. Glover. This Song, which will also be sung by Miss Greenfield throughout her tour in the provinces, though calculated to display her extraordinary voice, has been adapted to the compass of all voices, the highest note being E in the 4th space. Publishers: Rudall, Rose and Carte, 100, New Bond Street, patentees of the only Prize Flutes and other Instruments.

LITTLE CLARINA'S LESSON-BOOK.

FOR THE PIANOFORTE, by G. A. Macfarren. The object of this work is to facilitate, by a new method of developing the subject, the tuition of very young pupils in the practice of the Pianoforte and in the principles of Music, which include the rudiments of Harmony. This work is especially designed for household instruction, to enable mothers or sisters, if not to supersede a master, to fulfil that indispensable requisite to infant beginners of superintending their daily practice. The First Part is complete in itself, and the subsequent Parts will continue the subject, each up to some particular point, that will also be complete, without refer to what is to succeed it. Part One is now ready, consisting of forty-eight handsomely printed Music Pages in a neat wrapper, price 2s. 6d. Published by Rust and Co., Patent Tubular Pianoforte Manufacturers and Music Publishers, 309 (the Royal Polytechnic Institution), Regent-street.

NEW MUSIC.

SIGNORS MARIO and GORDIGIANI.—The celebrated French Romance, "AIME MOI BIEN," sung by Signor Mario, and composed by Signor Gordigiani.

SIGNOR GORDIGIANI'S NEW COMPOSITIONS, as sung at his Grand Concert, July 20th. Impossible, Canto Popolari, 2s.; Emezzodi, Bolero, 2s.; Impressioni, Canto Popo, 2s.; La Rosa d'Inghilterra Album, dedicated to Her Majesty the Queen, containing twelve new vocal pieces, price 21s., in a handsome volume.

"FAIR SHINES THE MOON,"—Mario's celebrated Barcarolle, encored on every occasion; the poetry by W. H. Bellamy, Esq., is published this day, 2s.

M. PRUDENT.—La Chasse and Reveil des Fees, 4s. each. The above two famous compositions, performed by the author, at the New Philharmonic and Harmonic Union Concerts, are published by Boosey and Sons.

NEW SCHOOL PIANOFORTE MUSIC, by Rudolf Nordmann.—Mario's Barcarolle in Rigoletto, with Variations, 3s. The Nuns' Prayer, a Romance, 3s. The Ghost Scene in the Corsican Brothers, 2s. 6d. Alvaro's Greek Pirates' Chorus, 2s. 6d. The above are written expressly to suit moderate players, and are remarkable for melody, and brilliancy of effect.

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RUDALL, ROSE, AND CARTE, Patentees of the only Prize Flutes, and manufacturers of Military Musical Instruments, beg to announce to the commanding officers of Her Majesty's Army and Navy; the Masters of Bands, and the Musical Public, that they have been appointed the SOLE AGENTS IN GREAT BRITAIN for the sale of Sax's celebrated Instruments—the Sax Cornets, Sax Trombones, Sax Horns, Sax Trombones, Bombardons, and his new and beautiful toned instrument, the Saxophone. They have made such arrangements with M. Sax (to whom was awarded the only Council Medal for Military Instruments at the Great Exhibition) as will enable them to supply his Instruments direct from his own manufactory, at prices not higher than those charged for the numerous imitations of them. The security and advantages thus afforded will be obvious. M. Sax's Instruments, among which are several new models, may be seen at Rudall, Rose, and Carte's, 100, New Bond Street.

Messrs. Rudall, Rose and Carte beg to subjoin the following letter, which they have received from Mr. Sax.

Paris, 28th May, 1853.

To Messrs. Rudall, Rose, and Carte,

Gentlemen,—I accept your proposals relative to the sale of my instruments in England; and I am happy to think that owing to the arrangements entered into by us, which constitutes you my sole Agents in Great Britain, I shall be worthily represented, at the same time that the Public will be no longer misled by those who appropriate the goods of others.

There have been issued, under the cover of my name, a crowd of counterfeit Sax Horns, and other Instruments invented by me, which the purchaser necessarily thought came from my manufactory, but to which I never put a hand. My reputation must have been very firmly established in your country, to have withstood the effects of so much tending to injure it. But now there need be no further mistakes of this kind. Every one who purchases my instruments from you, will know of a certainty that they are manufactured by me.

I do not doubt, Gentlemen, but that with your activity and commercial habits, you will soon realise a large amount of business, by promoting the sale of many instruments which are at present but little known among you; but which, I may be allowed to say, cannot fail to obtain a brilliant success, not only with Musicians and Connoisseurs, but with Amateurs. We shall thus be rendering a great service to the Musical Art, and to ourselves at the same time.

Accept, Gentlemen, my warm salutations,
ADOLPHE SAX.

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